

## PERFECTION OF LIGHT.

No More Gas Explosions—Individual Gas is Free From Such Horrors.

It is a Brilliant, Steady, Honest and Economical Light.

There is no argument advanced favoring any new invention or discovery which so quickly reaches the heart of the public, nor which makes such a lasting impression, when demonstrated, as that of economy.

In consequence, it is the pleasure and aim of the Nebraska Individual Gas Co., to give a few points in vindication of their assertion, that they can furnish the best and most economical light with which the public has as yet become acquainted.

Perhaps no better argument could be used but we do not stop here. Aside from economy independent Gas possesses other advantages which go far toward making it the popular illuminant.

In the first place its name bears a point to be considered. Individual or individuality—each consumer in having a separate and entirely distinct plant, consisting of reservoir and meter, thus avoids the necessity of any connection whatever with street mains or pipes, as well as a saving of expense.

Individual gas, as those using it well know, is more or less seriously affected by cold weather, thus rendering an unreliable and unsatisfactory illuminant during the winter months, when it is most needed, say nothing about the annoyance.

Here we have a point which please note. As a test of the ability of Individual Gas to withstand the cold, we had the reservoirs of both our office and warehouse placed on the roof in bold relief, where for the past 30 days they have been subjected to the severest of tests, our light showing no signs of variation or weakness.

It is a common thing to see a once clear and neat ceiling blackened immediately over the gas fixture, or perhaps caused by a smoking hanging lamp. It is a little thing to be sure, but any annoying to a careful housekeeper. Individual Gas gives a pure, clean, soft, and as white a light as can be desired, and is perfectly odorless.

The feeling against the regulation meter has led us to desire a simple, yet accurate indicator, which any child can thoroughly understand, thus reducing that prejudice which has taken such root. We read daily of deaths caused by suffocation from escaping gas, or the careless use of kerosene, and it comes home to us. Why not avoid such horrors? No matter what amount of care is exercised, accidents will occur, and it is to lessen or remove all chances of anything of the kind that we subject to your inspection, our gas.

The positive shut off on all gas burners is necessary to extinguish the light properly, but let the light be extinguished by other means, blowing or going out on account of a temporary insufficient supply, and what is the consequence—suffocation, or perchance explosion—and the question naturally arises, how is it with Individual Gas.

Here we have our main argument: We look after the reservoir and keep it always supplied, thus relieving the consumer of any annoyance or care. From there the gas flows to each and every burner, a match is applied, the heat generates the gas which rises and ignites, therefore the minute that heat is taken away, either by accident or otherwise, the gas ceases to generate, hence though the burner be turned on full head, no gas escapes.

## TESTIMONIALS.

The following testimonials, received by the Nebraska Individual Gas Co., of Denver, Col., the Economic Light and Individual Gas Co., of the same illuminator, speak for themselves.

THE PALMER LAKE WATER AND ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER CO., W. FINLEY THOMPSON, PRESIDENT, DENVER, CO., MAY 20, 1887. "We have installed your Individual Gas in our building, and find it to be a most economical and reliable light. It is a great improvement over the gas we have been using, and we are very much pleased with the results. We are sure that it will be a great success in all cases where it is used." W. FINLEY THOMPSON.

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## SOME TALES OF MATRIMONY.

Together—Why Don't the Men Marry?

## A BRIDE IN THE BLIZZARD

Married by Accident—A Wedding Anniversary—Courtship Twenty Years—A Year's Sleepy Father.

Together.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox. We two in the fever and fervor of glow Of life's high tide have rejoiced together. We have looked out over the glittering snow, And knew that we were dwelling in summer weather.

For the seasons are made by the heart, I hold, And not by the calendar's cold decree. We were in the shadow of pain and woe, Have journeyed together in dim, dark places.

Where black robes and sorrow walked to and fro, And Fear and Trouble with phantom faces Peered out upon us and froze our blood, Though June's fair roses were in all bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights, We have bathed in tears, we have sunned in laughter.

We have known all sorrow and all delights— They never could keep us apart hereafter. Wherever your spirit was sent I know I would defy earth—or heaven—to go.

If they took my soul into Paradise, And told me I must be content without you, I would wear them so with my lonesome cries.

And the ceaseless questions I asked about you, They would open the gates and set me free, Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

Not the Girl's Fault.

The Springfield Union, discussing on the question, "Why Don't the Men Marry?" argues that the blame is not altogether on the side of the girls, as some critics contend, because the maidens are extravagant, unfitted by modern training for domestic duties, and so on.

It thinks the girls sometimes fail to marry because they fear they will be cheated in the character of the men who woo and win them, though it holds this to be more likely in a large city than in a comparatively small one like Springfield, and then it comes to the upshot: "It is easy to see that the young women are getting ahead in the matter of education and culture, and the fellows will have to brush up if they mean to keep up with the procession. A cultured girl generally wants a husband who knows as much as she does, and if she is rich as well as cultured it is getting to be a little difficult for her to suit herself. A fellow who is conscious of his mental deficiencies, and who is not her peer in the matter of culture, will not be likely to get her. There is no denying that there are a good many girls in 'society' whose mothers are spoiling them for wives. Sensible young men do not care for that kind of a match. It is these girls who are taken as examples of the whole lot. There are plenty of good girls, however, who have been brought up in luxury, but who are not quite spoiled, and who would take hold with a fellow and make a good home out of whole cloth. Their mothers are not inclined to them, if they are only intent on being happy under any circumstances. If they are really sensible, they will see that they cannot bring their housekeeping habits to their mothers' level, and if their fellows are sensible they will see that they cannot expect to make a great deal of unhappiness has been caused by not being frank at the outset. Girls do not know how to tell the truth, and when they have courted them with more or less extravagance, can afford in the matter of a home. Let there be frankness on both sides, and the path to matrimony will be made plain and smooth."

## A Bride in a Blizzard.

Clara Webb Driscoll in Pioneer Press: When father took up his claim in Douglas county, Dakota, the country was new and the settlers few. He and his three brothers took up a section, and built their four houses on adjoining corners. So, as two brothers were married, we formed a little family by ourselves. This was well, as our nearest neighbor lived seven miles away. It was then a merry, romping lot of fifteen, all the wilder for being just from city life.

The first year a very destructive cyclone visited that part of the country. Lying as it does between the Missouri and Arkansas rivers, it was feared such visitations might be frequent, so father and the boys dug a cave midway between the houses. Twice we sought refuge there and heard the demon of destruction at work among the fruits of our industry. We escaped without injury, but father, who was returning from the town, twenty miles away, where we got our mail and supplies, was badly bruised by the overturning of his wagon. As soon as he recovered, he and the boys dug a cave about midway on the route to town. The location was marked by four tall upright posts, which could be seen for a long distance.

Years passed with no occasion for its use, but father was always dreading such a time, and kept it in repair. Four happy years passed, then a party of visitors from the east came. Among them was Frank Healy. We had been great friends in the past, and became so during that long summer.

We agreed to be married in the spring, and he would stay until that time, but early in January he received a summons home to Chicago, and insisted that he go at once. We must start for Chicago at once, so decided to adopt that plan. Upon the 15th, after a tearful goodbye to all but father, mother and Joe, who would accompany us, we started for Bunker.

There was a great quantity of snow on the ground and only one sleigh, that of our messenger the day before, had gone over the road. As a consequence our progress was slow and laborious. It was a dull, cloudy day, but we knew nothing of blizzards then, so did not hesitate to start. We had mentioned 1 o'clock as the time for the ceremony, so made calculation on being at the parsonage at that hour.

For some time the snow fell slowly and heavily, then the wind rose and the cold began to increase. Joe suggested a return and hinted at possible danger. Father hesitated, but Frank thought there was no more danger in an advance than a retreat, so on we went. Heaven's! what an experience that which followed.

The wind howled like a host of demons, bent on our destruction. The snow became infinitely fine, and, driven by the blast, stung one's flesh when exposed like needle points. We could not see to the horse heads, and as the one track was long since covered up, we no longer knew which way we were going, and could only trust to the horses.

Mother became alarmed and cried, quietly behind her veil. All my high spirits vanished, and instead of the happy future I had been anticipating I now saw nothing but a cruel death before us, with the snow for shroud and pain for dirge.

At 2 by Frank's watch we were nearly frozen, and the weary horses could scarcely move along. Suddenly Joe put out his hand and clutched at some object close to the side of the sleigh. "Hurray!" his cheery voice rang out, "Whoa!"

The tired horses stopped instantly, only too glad of the chance. Joe sprang out into the yielding snow. In a moment he showed his head and arms and said: "Hello! Here's another sleigh! Father! Frank! Pile out here with your shovels!"

They did as he ordered, and mother and I roused to see what it all meant. But we could see nothing, and only faintly hear their voices above the rushing wind.

We soon found out, however, for father and Frank soon returned and lifted mother and I out of the sleigh and carried us—where?—into father's cyclone cave.

We stand about in stupid amazement, for Joe had brought a lantern along, and he had lighted and hung it up. A moment later mother, joined by the minister from Bunker, finding it possible to get away, had started.

The men blanketed the poor horses, huddled them together close to the mouth of the cave, turned the sleigh back up beside the house, and then, bringing my trunk, lunch basket, and the robes, joined us.

The temperature of the cave was comfortable compared with the upper air, and we were truly thankful for the shelter. Father and Frank, with some exertion soon restored our benumbed limbs to their normal condition, and we settled down to a quiet discussion of the situation, and the probability in our favor.

After a time the talk languished, and Frank made, in a whisper, the queerest proposition. I gave a decided negative, but at last yielded to his entreaty, and almost before the rest realized what was going on, we stood before the minister with clasped hands, and he spoke the solemn words that bound us for better or worse, for life.

It was a strange bridal. In that low, dark cave, lighted only by the smoky lantern, the terrible blizzard howling over our heads, and the ever present fear of the fearful cold, which steadily increased, mother cried softly, and father's voice trembled as he gave me his blessing. Frank's face was very white as he clasped me in his arms, and called me wife.

My own feelings were a mixture of terror and happiness, such as I hope never to experience again. We remained in our safe but gloomy refuge forty-eight hours. Then we were taken as examples of the whole lot. There are plenty of good girls, however, who have been brought up in luxury, but who are not quite spoiled, and who would take hold with a fellow and make a good home out of whole cloth. Their mothers are not inclined to them, if they are only intent on being happy under any circumstances. If they are really sensible, they will see that they cannot bring their housekeeping habits to their mothers' level, and if their fellows are sensible they will see that they cannot expect to make a great deal of unhappiness has been caused by not being frank at the outset. Girls do not know how to tell the truth, and when they have courted them with more or less extravagance, can afford in the matter of a home. Let there be frankness on both sides, and the path to matrimony will be made plain and smooth."

Married by Accident.

London Truth: Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or look. When once under the spell of the verb "to love" they go through all the forms and finish the conjugation of the verb. The accident which led to this subject the consideration it deserves, but the many, there is to fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow, "Do you know where I can get a mate?"

"I am sorry for you, Mr. —," she said, smiling. "I want a mate, too, and cannot get one. I'll do it, if you'll let me. I'll be your mate, and you'll be my mate, and the widow, keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates."

A young man at a church bazaar was buttonholed by a lady, she would not let him go until he had secured such a visitation might be frequent, so father and the boys dug a cave midway between the houses. Twice we sought refuge there and heard the demon of destruction at work among the fruits of our industry. We escaped without injury, but father, who was returning from the town, twenty miles away, where we got our mail and supplies, was badly bruised by the overturning of his wagon. As soon as he recovered, he and the boys dug a cave about midway on the route to town. The location was marked by four tall upright posts, which could be seen for a long distance.

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getting her address, he made such good use of the hint that the next ring which she got was given by him in the church. Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of shoes. "I want them wide, please," he said to the girl in attendance, "as I have a good broad understanding."

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet and said: "A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in a woman."

"How do you make out that what is good in one is bad in the other?" "Ah, it is quite simple. You see, nature intended man to be supported by a firm soul, but woman by a yielding husband."

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, the lady's rate says that he made her his wife.

Wedding Anniversaries.

Troy (N. Y.) Times. The request has been made for a statement showing the order in which the various wedding celebrations properly come. The following list furnishes an answer:

At the end of the first year—Cotton wedding. Second year—Paper wedding. Third year—Leather wedding. Fourth year—Wooden wedding. Fifth year—Woolen wedding. Sixth year—Tin wedding. Seventh year—Silk and fine linen wedding. Eighth year—Cotton wedding. Ninth year—China wedding. Tenth year—Silver wedding. Eleventh year—Cotton wedding. Twelfth year—Silk and fine linen wedding. Thirteenth year—Cotton wedding. Fourteenth year—China wedding. Fifteenth year—Silver wedding. Sixteenth year—Cotton wedding. Seventeenth year—Silk and fine linen wedding. Eighteenth year—China wedding. Nineteenth year—Silver wedding. Twentieth year—Diamond wedding.

A Courtship of Twenty-one Years.

Jamaica, N. Y. This interesting story was told by the newlyweds, George W. Allen and Miss Kate Ladd, a respected citizen of Jamaica, aged 55, and the bride was Miss Kate Ladd, an attractive young woman, aged 34. Some thirty years ago Mr. Allen moved from New Jersey to Jamaica and there, for the first time, met Miss Ladd, whose ancestors had settled in that town 200 years before. They were both members of the same church, and when Mr. Allen acted as chorister and leader of the choir. He was possessed of a deep bass voice, and had quite a reputation for his musical attainments. After he had known Miss Ladd some years, he became acquainted with her, and she was a very pretty girl, and his attentions to her became very marked. The pair were seen together at all the church entertainments, musicals and social gatherings. As the years rolled by his feelings toward her grew more and more intense, and he began to think of her as his wife. He was a very successful business man, and had a good deal of money. He was a very kind and generous man, and was very popular in the community. He was a very good father, and was very kind to his children. He was a very good friend, and was very kind to his friends. He was a very good neighbor, and was very kind to his neighbors. He was a very good citizen, and was very kind to his country. He was a very good man, and was very kind to all the world.

CONJUGALITIES.

Dr. Talmage advises women not to marry for love. Some of them, however, marry for the lack of it.

Georgia Laffayette Fox, only child of G. L. Fox, the famous Buffalo Dumpty, was lately married to Joseph Slayter, of Albany, N. Y.

"Matrimony," coming from the Latin word "mater," which means "mother," shows that the husband is the mother of the wife, and the wife is the mother of the husband.

Having been sentenced to pay Bunney Campbell \$45,000 for breach of promise, the best thing for old man Appleby to do now is to get ready for his money.

A Paris dispatch says Miss Winnaretta Singer, daughter of the famous sewing machine manufacturer, is about to marry a title and a fortune.

The present year will give the girls a chance to solve the question, "Why men do not marry." He would be a mean man who would refuse to answer a question like that when asked by a pretty girl.

London actresses are doing well matrimonially. Edith Brandon lately became the bride of a rich man, and Phyllis Mayhew, it is soon to become Viscountess Langton.

There is a prospect of marriage between a Prussian young lady of aristocratic family and a young man of the same rank, who has been studying civil engineering at Bonn.

There was a runaway marriage in Atlanta Saturday. The mother of the bride has five daughters, four of whom are married, three of whom have "run away" in order to do so.

The late Captain William Warren, of Fairhaven, Conn., left an estate valued at \$800,000, and his daughter, Miss Sophia Warren, on condition that she remains unmarried. As Miss Warren is young and attractive, she is herself in a peculiar and unpleasant position.

At a recent church wedding in Kingston, N. Y., during the ceremony, while everybody was listening and quiet, the bride repeated the minister's "To love, cherish and obey." A man standing in one of the galleries broke out in a penetrating undertone, "To love, cherish and obey."

A Kansas City girl took advantage of leap year to become engaged to two young men at the same time, eventually marrying the one and her parents opposing the other. She has been abandoned, leaving both the husband and the hopeful one in a state of painful perplexity.

The case created great excitement in the London world. The man who was married to two women at the same time, eventually marrying the one and her parents opposing the other. She has been abandoned, leaving both the husband and the hopeful one in a state of painful perplexity.

The Athens Banner is authority for the statement that several years ago, in Cooness county, a girl married at the age of 16 years, and before her tenth birthday she became a mother. When married the girl was as well developed as a woman and weighed 160 pounds. Her husband was forty-five years of age. The family were white, and moved to Alabama, where they now reside.

The Kansas City Times says of initials at Irving Mitchell's wedding at Grace church Wednesday night. The formula in the book of common prayer reads: "I take thee N." It so happens that I. M. and N. were the initials of the gentleman and lady, a fact which excited the amusement of the few who closely followed the prayer book.

Alfred Gortner, a civil engineer of Vienna, Austria, and son of a German baron, was married to a daughter of the Royal opera company of Vienna, now playing in the Metropolitan opera house, New York, were united in marriage by Justice Otto. Mr. Gortner's family objected to the marriage in the old country, and he followed the girl to America.

Miss Lulu A. Tuxbury, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is the first woman reported to have taken advantage of leap-year privileges this year. She has been visiting at Springfield, Mo., and last week invited Joseph McDargher, an old lover, to attend a leap-year party with her. During an intermission in the dancing programme Miss Tuxbury led her bashful lover into a secluded nook and proposed. They were married Sunday.

Two years ago a young woman of Attica, Ind., was courted by two young men, each wanting to marry her. She quarreled with the one she loved, and for spite, married the other fellow. The marriage was not a happy one, and a divorce followed. The other day the young woman married the old lover, who, meantime, having become a helpless invalid, had to be laid up in a chair while the ceremony was performed.

A disordered condition of the stomach or bowels in the autumn will produce sick headache, you can remove this trouble by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. 25 cents per box.

## ABOUT GOSSIPING WOMEN.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox Gives Her Views On a Social Vice.

## A VERY HIDEOUS CREATURE.

To Be Met With On Western Prairies and in the Parlors of the Rich—Types of Women Who Practice the Vice.

Correspondence of the BEE.—[Copyrighted.]—The great feminine social evil of the day is gossip.

This vice is a hideous creature, with malicious eyes, an open, drooling mouth, ravenous, wolf-like teeth, and a pestilential breath.

Yet, despite all these disgusting attributes, it is held to many a lace-covered bosom and entertained in many a family circle. It stands in the parlor and goes forth from the communion table to cause its venom over innocent victims of its malignity. It whirls in the hall room and sits at the table of the refined hostess.

The women who gossip are not confined to any circle or locality. I have seen them in the wilds of the west, and tried to find excuse for their propensity to gossip in the poverty of their existence and the lack of employment for their minds. I have met them also in the circles of wealth and culture, and would you wonder how the social surroundings of art, music, and literature, they could stoop to the mire of scandal for pastime.

I have heard ignoble gossip fall from the lips of ignorant women, and felt for my eyes to drop from the brilliant lips of genius, and felt disgust.

The most dangerous type of gossip is not the woman who has won a reputation in her profession. Her notoriety is our protection. We are on our guard in her presence. We speak cautiously and listen indifferently, and she is only able to injure where she is not known.

Far more to be dreaded is the really good-hearted but indiscreet and garrulous woman who loves to impart information. I know some excellent wives and mothers, devout church members, and tireless workers for charity, who would be indignant were they classed among the despised gossips.

These same women have related in my presence the outlandish errors of people whom I have loved and respected. They have brought out the faded and filed away follies, long hid from my eyes to peruse in the glaring light of the present. They did not mean to be malicious, they simply lacked the strength of mind to be silent concerning an old tale which could in no wise benefit me to hear. It was the love of imparting information, the impulse to astonish rather than any wish to injure. But its effect was pernicious and harmful.

If God forgives an erring and repentant soul, why should men bar its progress toward the heights of purity by standing in its path and shaking an accusing finger?

There is no duty, Christian or human, which justifies us in countenancing or upholding the deeds of immoral people. I live in defiance of law and decency, my neighbor is justified in warning his friends to avoid intimacy with me. Yet let him not be afraid to give that warning in my hearing, else he has committed the great evil of gossip.

We are known in a measure by the company we keep. If people outrange the proprieties or ignore the commandments, they have no right to expect the companionship of law-abiding citizens. But we must remember, "There never yet was noble man but caused ignoble talk," and a sensible and just person should pay no heed to gossip till he has investigated its authenticity.

I define gossip as any uncomplimentary remark which we would not dare make in the presence of the object discussed.

When we speak one disparaging word which we would regret to have that person hear, we have committed gossip, which ought to be forbidden by an eleventh commandment, since some of the worst troubles the world knows arise from it.

Gossip never reformed any sinner or righted any wrong. It seldom arises from any feeling of outraged propriety, although it may seek to assume this air. When idleness weeds envy, gossip is their offspring. Yet I am surprised to see how many busy and industrious minds find time to entertain this unworthy guest.

The small country town is supposed to be the hotbed of gossip. But I have observed that the larger the congregation of human beings, the greater the amount of gossip in circulation.

In small towns people criticize in small matters, which pass unnoticed in the large cities. But in the city gossip is quite as prevalent, and is usually of a more violent type.

I remember once leaving the house of kind friends who had entertained me charmingly, and meeting another friend on the street. I spoke with delight and gratitude of the pleasant time I had enjoyed. The lady looked grave, sighed, and then said she felt it her painful duty to inform me that the friends who had been so kind to me were dangerous people to know, as their past history was shadowed upon its pages. I walked on, and was joined by another friend—a widow—a few blocks down the street. This lady mentioned having seen me in conversation with the person whom I had just left.

"I hope you are not on intimate terms with her," she said. "You know, there are many people who believe her first marriage was—well, no matter, but old residents here told me the story, and I do not care to know the lady myself."

I bade the widow good afternoon and dropped in to call on an acquaintance. "How came you to be walking with that woman?" asked my hostess as soon as I was seated. "I saw you from the window, and could hardly believe my eyes," she said. "Don't you know that she is not a real widow, but a divorcee, and the scandal was in all the papers when she got her divorce? I never met her, but from all I hear she is no friend for you."

I related my experiences to a gentleman friend later in the day. "Don't mind what the last named woman says," he replied. "She is the most cruel, unkind person in the world. I never met her house once, and I vowed I would never go again, as she spoke so unkindly of every one I knew."

This is an absolutely truthful experience which I have related, and is a sad commentary on the prevailing evil of the day.